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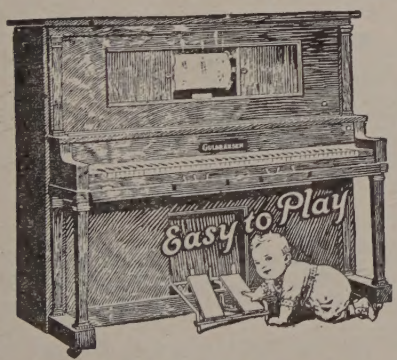

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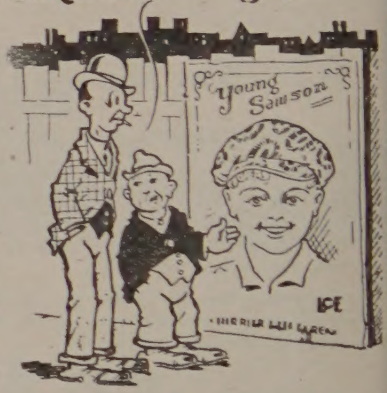

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Dixie's Santa Claus

The Indians had gathered around the crackling bonfire, on the old camp ground. It was Christmas Eve and the brown faces glowed with expectation.

Besides the regular Christmas allotment of beef, given them by the ward and a gift for each of them from the stake presidency, there was to be something else, no one knew just what.

How they laughed and jabbered as they crowded nearer to the fire to hear Brother George Worthen tell them in their native tongue of the story of the Christ and of his blessed Christmas spirit.

They listened and then a smile came on the faces of the old Indians and squaws; a well-remembered and much loved name was spoken. Had they forgotten Anthony Ivins? Could they ever forget such a friend?

This year he had sent them all Christmas candy, and to old Simon and Shem, the two oldest Indians in Dixie, he had sent warm blankets.

The Christmas spirit was on the old camp ground that night and the Indian chant of pioneer days might have been heard as they went back to their wigwams, saying:

"Tony Ivins, he no cheat, Tony Ivins, he no cheat."

* * *

On the same Christmas Eve in a little town in Washington county one hundred and fifty children gathered with their parents, to hear Christmas carols sung and to receive a present sent to them from a beloved friend.

Happiness came to each child when a small Noah's Ark, filled with candy and a real chocolate Santa Claus steering the ark, was given him, a gift from southern Utah's best friend, President Anthony W. Ivins.

* * *

In the little town of Ivins, on Christmas Eve, the bell in the new Church belfry rang out the joy of Christmas tide.

On the frosty air, that night the bell might have told the world that its glad chimes were made possible, because of the thoughtfulness and generosity of President Ivins who gave this good gift to the little town struggling so hard for existence.

From Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal,* I quote the following lines which come to me as I write,

> "The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
> The heart outstretches its eager palms,
> For a God goes with it and makes it store
> To the soul that was starving in darkness before."
>
> "Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Painting by William T. Armitage

THE GLORIOUS APPEARING OF JESUS TO THE NEPHITES

The First Christmas in America At Zarahemla

By Samantha T. B. Foley

Where fruitful palms cast sombre shade
  O'er flowering hedge and verdant lea
The sun sailed on toward the west
  With wings spread o'er the peaceful sea,
The faithful thronged the temple halls,
  And gazing from it's towers afar
Toward the land of Bethlehem
  They saw a glorious, rising star.

Yet men profane defied the light
  And o'er the highway in their ire
They came to mock the prophet's voice
  Or slay him on the funeral pyre;
Then, while the Saints sang "Peace on earth,"
  A rosy light sprayed endless space,
Blazing on every mountain height
  And in the vale and woodland place.

That time desired, three days in one,
  Blest signal of the Savior's birth,
When showers of light in rainbow hues
  From stars on high came pouring forth
To bathe all nature with it's flame
  And every vesper slumber wake.
To sparkle on the temple spires
  And beauty mirror on the lake.

First Christmas eve, when angels sang
  Sublimest melodies to man;
The earth baptized by heaven's fire,
Our Christian era then began.
Again the faithful catch the tones
  Which echoed from those strains of love
And wait the signal of Christ's star
  To mark his coming from above.

JAFFA ROAD FROM DAVID'S TOWER. THE NEW JERUSALEM

THE
Relief Society Magazine

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In View of Sinai

By Dr. Franklin S. Harris,
President of Brigham Young University

As I write this I am looking at Mount Sinai which rears its head 8,593 feet above sea level. It is thirty-seven miles away so I am not able to tell very much about the composition of its rock. I am sailing north, up the Red Sea or more exactly the Gulf of Suez, because if you look at your map you will see that, at the upper end, the Red Sea divides into the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf of Akaba, on the east. The former runs north and west for about one hundred and fifty miles whereas the latter runs northeast about a hundred miles. It is in the land between these two that the children of Israel are supposed to have done most of their wandering.

It has taken us longer to go up the Red Sea by boat than it takes to go by train from New York to San Francisco. The Red Sea from the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb to the Gulf of Suez is about 1,300 miles and it has a maximum width of about 200 miles. Wherever land has been seen along the way it has seemed to be tremendously dry—drier than anything I have ever seen except a few small places in Northern Mexico.

This morning, as we came into the Gulf of Suez, the Sinaitic range came into view. It extends northwest and southeast parallel with the shore of the gulf, although the mountains proper, are a few miles inland. Mount Sinai itself, is not in the front range and cannot, therefore, be seen all the way. Only a few minutes ago it came into view as we looked up a canyon. In a few minutes more it will be hidden by the mountains in front of it.

In general outline the Sinaitic range is not unlike the Wasatch range between Nephi and Brigham City, except that here on the borders of the Red Sea the mountains are much more barren than any I have seen in America.

The passengers of the boat have been studying the mountains on both sides of the gulf all day with powerful glasses and it is only rarely that we have been able to see a tree or anything green. It may be that the range at the rear supports more vegetation.

Extending from the waters edge, for five or ten miles, and rising probably one thousand feet in this distance, is a sandy slope which seems to be entirely devoid of vegetation. It is evidently an old shore line for there is every evidence of an uplift all through this region during late geologic time, resulting in a

very considerable shore. In some islands in the gulf, these beach marks show very clearly and there are evidences of levels where the water remained at the same level for considrable time, something like the bench marks of our own Lake Bonneville.

On the Egypt side of the gulf there is much less uniformity in the structure of the mountains. Looking off to the southwest there is a high range with jagged peaks which very much resemble the saw tooth range in Idaho. Directly to the west are lower hills made up of stratified material which is eroded, much like the bad lands of eastern Utah.

This whole region in spite of its extreme aridity is full of interest which is tied up with beginnings of human history. To the west, in Egypt, is the oldest known civilization of the world: to the east Moses led the children of Israel, and it is there that he is supposed to have received the laws which have had such far-reaching effects all down through the ages.

The nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Exodus, tell of the wanderings of the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai and of the call of Moses into the mount and of his receiving the Ten Commandments. I should like to incorporate these two chapters into this article, but since I am a great believer in consulting original sources, I suggest that the reader read his own Bible. I hope that this description of the situation where these things took place will give added interest to the narrative, just as the rereading of them is more interesting to me here in view of Sinai than it has ever been before.

The Beautiful Babe

Ethel Allen Kilgore

O, the beautiful Babe
In a halo of light,
The beautiful Babe
In a manger, that night,
And the stars in the sky
Shone over Him, bright.
The beautiful Babe,
Our Lord Jesus.

O, the beautiful Babe,
In the poor stable there,
Whom the propheteess, Anna,
Received with great care,
And witnessed for Him
With praises and prayer,
The beautiful Babe,
Our Lord Jesus.

The shepherds who watching
Their flocks on the hill,
Saw a wonderful star,
And followed until
It paused o'er the manger,
Remaining quite still
O'er the beautiful Babe,
Our Lord Jesus.

A Gift Shop at Christmas Time

By Minnie J. Hardy

Just when the owner of The Gift Shop, had decided to sell the lease and close out the stock, the manager was suddenly taken ill.

I was very much in need of a little change for "mind, body and estate" and as the position was offered to me, I decided to go down and take charge of the sale.

I opened the shop at 9 a. m. and just as I started to dust off the show cases, a little girl, with a small purse clasped in her tiny hand, entered. Her beautiful little face was radiant with the joy that only the heart of a trusting child can experience. The joy of giving, with no thought of reward except the gratitude and appreciation of the loved one who is to receive the gift.

"I want to buy a present for my mama," she lisped.

CARLYON KHEENE
MY FIRST CUSTOMER

"Yes, dear," I answered. "What do you think your mama would like?"

"Truly, I don't just know. I want something nice but it must

not cost too much for I must buy something for baby brother."

"Oh! that will be darling for him," she spied a small unbreakable mush set, bowl, plate and pitcher, with a picture of a dog following a jolly old Santa Claus, stamped on either side.

"How much does that cost?" she inquired cautiously.

I told her the price was seventy-five cents.

"I'll buy that for brother. I know he will like it," she remarked, "But, I must buy mama's present first. See, I have five dollars."

My small customer, seeing so many pretty things, was getting a little bewildered so I came to her rescue and suggested:

"Here is a beautiful Venetian glass bowl with a dark stand. Mother can use it either for fruit or flowers. It will make an attractive center piece for the table or buffet. It is only one dollar and seventy-five cents. This is a gift any lady would enjoy and appreciate."

My interesting young shopper hesitated for a moment then answered:

"I'll take one please. Mama will like a blue one best. Now let me see—I must find something for my girl friend."

We looked about, she pricing many articles. Finally she decided on a small, unique bottle of perfume. Seventy-five cents more, a total of three dollars and twenty-five cents.

"How much does that cost?" she asked, looking wistfully at a tiny, blue and gold Bohemian glass trinket in the show case.

Before our sale, it had been priced at two dollars, but as it was slightly damaged, just a little nick in the rim, which no one would ever notice in the wide world, it gave me a chance to offer the dear child a real bargain. I examined it carefully, pondered in a thoughtful manner and finally said: "You may have this exquisite crystal heart for twenty-five cents."

Her face was like the spring flowers when they lift their heads to greet the sunshine after an April shower.

"I'll buy it," she exclaimed and handed me her five dollar bill.

I gave her the change, packed the gifts in a strong box and placed them in her tiny, outstretched arms.

"Carry it carefully, won't you, my dear?"

"Oh yes, I'll be very careful. Thank you for helping me. I did not think I could buy so much for the money, good-bye."

The shop was flooded with sunshine. Truly, my work was going to be very pleasant, if it meant dispensing happiness and receiving it two-fold.

Manly Youth and Lovely Maiden

A handsome, young man with a sweet girl clinging to his coat sleeve, were my next customers.

"I see you have some jewelry in the window," he remarked, "we would like to look at some rings."

The sweet girl blushed as she cast an admiring glance at her hero.

I placed two trays of rings on the show case. Evidently, they were not what they were looking for. Then, these two young people looked at each other with an expression that only love can impart to human eyes and with a silent telepathy that only lovers can understand. Then the young man said courageously, "It is a wedding ring we want. We are going to be married in the Temple tomorrow morning."

Ah! did I not know? Had I not had the great experience? How well I remembered my simple little wedding ring, and oh! the inexplicable joy it brought to me. I found a tray of the very latest in wedding rings, from which the happy pair selected a narrow platinum band, and I saw tears of joy in the sweet girl's eyes as her handsome lover placed the shining circle upon her slender finger.

Manly youth and lovely maiden. Of all God's marvelous creation, the most perfect and beautiful.

As I reached under the counter to find a suitable box for the ring, I found myself recalling some lines written a long time ago by our beloved American poet Henry W. Longfellow:

"Love is sunshine, hate is shadow.
Life is checkered, shade and sunshine,
Rule by love O Hiawatha!
See the moon looks down upon us
Fills our lodge with magic splendor,
O my children, day is restless, night is quiet.
Man imperious, woman feeble.
Rule by patience, Laughing Water."

And somewhere it has been said, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

I wished them a long life of happiness and prosperity. They thanked me and went their way rejoicing.

Business Plus—

Then came Miss C——, the wholesome, practical business, bachelor girl, selecting Christmas presents for her employees.

"Something pretty and useful, yet not too expensive. You see I have so many people to remember." Pondering, smiling, she selected a variety of gifts, then the generous woman heart overcame the practical business head. Miss C. was so completely captivated by the Christmas spirit, that she threw prudence and economy to the wind and bravely chose a beautiful French cut, steel-beaded bag.

"Put this away for sister's Christmas present," she whispered, "it is for a surprise. She must not know about it."

My next customer was the wife of a grandson of the famous

and much beloved pioneer Brigham Young. Her purchases selected, she instructed me to send them to a given address, with the explanation: "I am due at a meeting of the Relief Society right now," and hurried away.

Other shoppers required my attention for quite a while, and when I found time to wrap up Mrs. Young's package, I found I

DALLIN'S "APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT"

had unfortunately lost her address. I finally obtained her address from the telephone directory.

In Far Away Italy

"Please madame, I would like to buy that leetle monument in the window. How much heem cost?"

I raised my head from beneath the counter where I was unpacking some additional stock and was greeted thus, by a sturdy, bronze son of sunny Italy, clad in clean, new overalls, the uniform

of the honest working man, the producer and builder.

"I'd like to buy heem, the leetle monument, because he look up to hees God, so!"

The Italian raised his hands with a quaint gesture so typical of the people of southern Europe and cast his dark eyes heavenward in a reverential manner that was quite picturesque.

"That, I explained is called, 'The Appeal to the Great Spirit.' Designed by Mr. Cyrus Dallin, a native of Springville, Utah. I am told a Ute Indian posed for the artist. They are often used for book ends or ornaments for the desk or mantel."

"I like heem," he repeated. "He look up. How much heem cost?" He reached for his purse.

"You can buy a pair for twelve dollars or a single statue for six dollars. They are cast in bronze and will last forever." I informed him.

With hands that were hard and rough from honest toil, this son of Rome counted his money carefully and hesitated—. Then the soul of the artist, the descendant of a hundred ancestors who had understood and loved the fine arts for which Italy is so famous, decided:

"I'd like to have two, he is so beautiful. I like to send this leetle monument home for my madre in Tuceny. She always say: 'Merricutio, my son, look up. God, he not down, he is up. Look up to heem and pray and he will help you.' And he has helped me madame; in one more year, my madre, she will come to live with me. I worka for de Utah Power and Light Companee. Da maka de light fora de city. I buy a small house and garden. My madre she will have a cow and chickens, she will be veree happee here with me. Wrap heem up, yes! I taka two, one will go to Tuceny. I thank you madame, veree, veree much. These things da maka me veree happee inside my heart."

The Italian laborer closed the door—. The store seemed very quiet and in that tranquil stillness, I kept thinking, "Look up to God, he will help you." Yes! years ago when my eyes were blinded with tears of sorrow and trouble, I found a light amid the darkness and heard a voice which said: "Look to the hills, from whence cometh thy strength," and amid the glory and magnificent beauty of the mountains, I found help from God for every need, courage to weather every storm, peace and harmony sufficient to supply every day with a liberal measure of happiness.

The day wore away. It was during the Latter-day Saints fall conference. The city was full to overflowing with people from all parts of the state, enjoying delightful meetings in the tabernacle and ward meeting houses and between these brotherly and sisterly gatherings, many of them spent pleasant moments purchasing presents to take back to the dear ones at home. A book for Uncle Joshua, a fancy tea pot for grandma. China dishes for Aunt

Catherine and Mary Jane. Rings and bracelets for the dear girls at home. This, that and something else. It was very late when the last of these interesting shoppers left the store. I gladly counted my cash and closed up for the night.

The Child of a Pioneer

The early autumn morning heralding our hazy Indian summer, dawned bright and beautiful. The mountains and foothills were a blaze in their royal robes of red and gold. The Aspen leaves were shimmering, golden chandeliers reflecting the glory of the sun-flowers and rabbit bush that carpeted the valley and hillsides. Nature, like a middle-aged society hostess, smiled on all the world.

How I did enjoy that delightful walk through the temple grounds that never-to-be-forgotten morning. For a brief moment, I had lived with the pioneers. It seemed I could see the plodding oxen, patiently hauling those huge blocks of granite from the distant mountains, one at a time, day after day, winter and summer. Cheerfully working, hoping, planning this great perfect, picturesque house of God. Their labor, which was indeed a labor of love has been finished for many years, and all of us that now enjoy the fruits of their hard toil, should daily raise our voices in thanks and praise for the lesson of courage, patient perseverance and unfaltering faith they taught and for the houses of worship they have erected for us to enjoy. But, alas! work "ladies" have no time to loiter in the temple grounds on week-day mornings. The shop must be opened in good time and so farewell for a little while to the Sea Gull monument, the first pioneer home, the great historic Tabernacle and the lovely fragrant flowers around that magnificent temple with its great golden statue of Moroni, forever heralding his message of everlasting life to all the world.

I placed my stock on display and found I was unusually happy. Life seemed to have a much more pleasant outlook, as bread cast upon the waters, I found by helping to make others happy, happiness was returning to me, yea, an hundred fold.

"Good morning, sister," I greeted a little wrinkled old lady, who afterward told me she was the daughter of early pioneers, born in a covered wagon as her parents were crossing the plains. "My! my! but this is a lovely morning." She placed her hand bag and several other packages on the counter. "But, my land's sakes, all of our mornings are lovely here in Utah. Why, I tell my grandson, we don't need to die to go to heaven these days, for heaven is right here on earth; yes ma'am, right here in Utah. Brigham Young surely knew what he was talking about when he said: 'This is the place.'"

"Yes, I'll take one of them Indian baskets. It will be just the thing to keep my stockings and mending in."

There seemed a vacant place in the store when my optimistic

customer closed the door. A woman who had weathered the hardships of the new frontier; who had endured gaunt poverty that grinds the heart and gaping loneliness that starves the soul. This simple child of the grey desert and dismal foothills, with no opportunity for an education of any kind, had learned the greatest lesson life has to offer; how to find Paradise here on earth.

ESTHER HUNT

"Good morning," I instantly recognized the musical voice of my Mrs. Young.

"Oh! Mrs. Young—," I began.

"That is perfectly all right. I'm in no hurry," interrupted the melodious voice. I just came to tell you I have decided to take one of those Esther Hunt heads. They are so sweet and natural, just like a little Chinese child. Every time I look at them I recall these lines of a song I learned in Sunday school years ago."

She sang in a low, rich voice.

"Red and yellow, black and white
All are precious in His sight."

"I love all children, they are a joy to me, and Esther Hunt is surely a great artist. Her faces are so beautiful and tender."

"Yes, Mrs. Young," I went on to explain, "Esther Hunt traveled in China and got the little children of the Orient to pose for her work, so they are copied with the vividness of life."

"I want this head for a Christmas present for my daughter," the lady stated as she paid me and again graciously gave me her address.

Fortunate daughter to have such a mother. All mothers love their children, but there are many who do not understand that we cannot live by bread alone; that there are times in our lives when we must have food to satisfy our famished intellect, and that is why God created Raphael, Esther Hunt, Cyrus Dallin, Rose O'Neil and other great artists, God bless them. I hope years after my Mrs. Young has gone to her reward, her daughter will look lovingly at the face of the little Chinese child and say: "My mother gave me this. Mother was always so thoughtful and so dear; the very best friend I ever had. I would not take all the money in the world for mother's precious gift, it means so much to me."

INCENSE

Then there came the tall, stout, middle-aged woman whose hands told of hard work; a clean, tidy kitchen; well-cooked meals; neatly mended clothes and everything in its place. She was accompanied by a prosperous, old-fashioned man who had passed middle age and who was now enjoying the fruits of honest toil, combined with the good business management of his excellent,

competent companion, who had proved herself a helpmate through all the years.

"What can I do for you today?" I asked cheerily.

"Oh, we are just looking around," promptly replied Prosperous Husband. But to his astonishment, his wife boldly walked forward and inquired if I had any incense.

Prosperous Husband looked at his companion as if he thought she had lost her senses.

"Incense! What is that?" he questioned.

"Oh, it smells like a camp fire at night, and I love the smell of burning boughs. Ever since we have had gas to cook with, I have missed the smell of the tamarac and pines I used to burn when the children were small. Don't you remember when Ephraim was a baby, how he used to sit on the floor, near the old fashioned fire-place, and clap his little hands, when you came 'stomping' in with an armful of pine and cedar?"

"Oh, well, Ma, if you want it, get it, but remember you was the one who wanted a gas stove." His voice sounded like the booming of funeral guns over the grave of some departed soldier.

I could read his thoughts—, "Whatever will the women folks want next?"

"Yes, Pa, I did want gas, it is so much cleaner and easier to cook with. I am not as young as I used to be and since Amos is a bishop and Ephraim president of this stake, I want to have everything nice and up to date when they come home with their stylish wives; and why shouldn't I? We can afford it, and that is just why I want the incense."

"Now, I know why Maude's house smells like a Chinese Joss house." Prosperous Husband smiled grimly as if he had something on the women of the family and continued: "I thought she had burned the jelly she was making, so I didn't say anything. It just smells like burnt nutmeg to me. A waste of money, I call it. But, here you are." Reluctantly he handed her a five dollar bill, saying: "We came to town to enjoy ourselves, so go ahead."

Being in possession of real money, the starved soul of the woman asserted itself; she decided she wanted a bottle of perfume and one of fine French bath salts; a bag of sachet powder, and as the shadows deepened on Prosperous Husband's gloomy countenance, she selected a picture of a robin sitting in the snow and singing as if his tiny throat would burst.

I expected an explosion at any moment, but nothing happened. The faithful woman, who had been a successful wife and mother, with one son president of a Church stake organization; another son in a ward bishopric, paid her bill and departed for further shopping.

I knew full well why she wanted that picture. The Optimist—, her brave heart had sung as she worked through the dark days

and the lean years; through the storms of adversity and trials; through bitter disappointments; sickness, and even when the Grim Reaper, had entered the little home and carried away her loved ones, she had been found "Standing By," the very backbone of the whole family. It was her willing, efficient hands that had helped to guide the family ship through the rough storms of hardship and trouble, and now that prosperity had come to make her home with them she could afford to soar to the blue sky of happiness, which to her meant: a home imparting the odor of pine boughs; bed linen fragrant with the perfume of lavender and wild violets, these for her successful children when they came home to visit.

A Great Grandson of Brigham Young

A bright, sturdy little boy with an earnest expression on his handsome face stood near the counter.

"Sonny, what would you like?" was my greeting.

"How much is that statue of Brigham Young in the window?" he questioned.

"That, my boy, was one dollar and fifty cents before our sale, but you may have it for seventy-five cents," I told him.

He counted his money, two quarters, two dimes and five pennies.

"I'll take it," he declared smiling. "I want to give it to mother. Brigham Young is mother's grandfather."

He gazed proudly toward the great bronze statue of the famous pioneer in the middle of the street. "Mother will love to have it. She says, if we are only half as kind and loving, strong and brave as he was, she will always be proud of us." Hugging the gift close to his happy, little heart he hurried away.

Adorable

Who ever said work is a hardship? Why, my work was proving to be a fountain of pleasure; a regular storehouse of happiness, just waiting to be distributed and carried into homes here in the city. Besides, every day the mails were taking by parcel post to a far away favored one some substantial remembrance from Utah.

A beautiful little miss about sixteen and her indulgent father, who resembled the old-fashioned pictures of Andrew Jackson, were my next callers. He explained that his daughter was to give a party to some girl friends and she wished to buy six small presents.

"No, Daddy dear, I don't want beads, nor a compact. They are 'blase'." Her dainty, well-poised head was held high. "No, Daddy dear, I really don't care for perfume. Oh no! I could not give combs or handkerchiefs,I really couldn't."

Surely this young girl had a mind of her own which I admired very much. She would know what she wanted when she

found it, but it must be novel and different. Here, thinks I, is where I must be an unbound edition of Moses and Solomon combined. It requires wisdom and tact to handle this parcel of real knowledge and loveliness. I thereby drew her attention to some small French China powder boxes, that resembled young ladies.

"Observe," said I, "these dainty little ladies, who are dressed in the fashion of the French Revolution. See! you just lift one up and there beneath the ruffles and puffs of her full skirt, is the powder box. You will not find anything like them any place else in the city."

"Oh, Daddy, dear, these are quite adorable. Don't you think so? So adorable, very, very new. I will take six of these. Please give me one of each color, blue, pink, green, lavender, yellow and violet. The girls will be delighted, don't you think so, Daddy, dear? I know Imogene and Alice Mary will just love them. I adore these unusual presents, don't you, Daddy?"

Daddy readily agreed they were adorable and remarked: "Sweetheart, you will need some favors. Here are some very pretty ones." He picked up a little Japanese lady made of silk and gold cloth. But "Sweetheart" would have none of them.

"No, Daddy, dear, I cannot use these when I am to have ships."

Ships, it is, thinks I.

Ships were produced and decided upon. Daddy paid the bill, raised his high hat, proudly helped his darling daughter into the waiting Rolls-Royce and drove away.

I hope sometime in the distant years to come, "Sweetheart" will be a Congress woman, but whatever she decides upon, she will be a success. That's a settled fact.

God Forbid

As I was replacing my disordered stock, a well-dressed, self-satisfied appearing woman approached me.

"Have you anything in a 'lady's smoker?' " she asked.

"Leapin' lizzards!" my jaws came together like a trap. "A lady's smoker?" Angels and minister of grace defend us. I excused myself and hastened to the back of the store, trying to regain my composure and get control of my old fashioned Welsh temper. I wanted to say, and very emphatically, too: "Ladies don't smoke. Leave this shop immediately." But, I knew my employer would not approve of such a procedure. He would not want me to be uncivil or rude to anyone, although I knew he would disapprove of a woman smoking just as much as I do.

I thought of my darling little daughter, sleeping on the flower-covered slope of Owen's Valley, and I would much rather go to my grave with a lonely heart and empty arms than to have her grown to womanhood and become a victim of that vile, injurious,

degrading habit. I dashed the tears of righteous indignation from my eyes and said mentally: "Hortense, you are slipping. Get a grip on yourself. Remember Lord Byron said: 'My faithful dog, I envy thee thy speechless tongue.'"

Withal, I could not help thinking that grandma was the daughter of a Welsh nobleman. Mother was for two years, a lady in waiting for the Dowager Duchess of Cumberland and father always said his cousin Ann Johnson, was housekeeper for the Earl De Gray at Castle—, Howard Castle for many years; yet, in all the forty-nine years-plus that I have lived on this terrestrial sphere, thirty of them spent with the aforesaid experienced authority on the subject of noblemen and women, I had never heard of a "lady's smoker."

No one to my knowledge ever smoked but poor, ignorant, peasant women, and women whom I would blush to name on these pages. However, when I returned, I mustered up a faint smile and said: "We do not keep anything of that kind. I thank you."

How I wish there was a law to invest some good judicial, motherly, old lady with the authority to take that misguided, erring, spoiled child of God over her knee and give her a sound spanking; right where she deserved it most.

In Men Whom Men Condemn as Ill

The weather was rapidly becoming colder. The October days were growing shorter. Lights were turned on at five o'clock. My employer, requested me to keep the shop open until nine, as it would only be ten days until the sale was over. My assistant, a young girl who had journeyed alone, all the way from South Africa that she might enjoy the privileges of the Latter-day Saints Church, went home at six p. m. so, I spent the remaining three hours alone. The first part of the evening passed most pleasantly.

A gracious little lady from Kentucky, who had been obliged to come to Utah on business and finding our prices much cheaper than in the east or south, spent some time selecting a cashmere rug; a China breakfast set, designed and painted by the peasant women of Czechoslovakia; two Aztec water bottles; a Japanese lemonade set; several brass candle sticks and two French vases. These beautiful purchases were to be sent to adorn her home in Mount Sterling, Kentucky. "A fortune in a wife is worth a thousand times more than a fortune with a wife." Happy and fortunate indeed is the husband who is blessed with such a charming, frugal and lovely wife as Mrs. Kilpatrick.

I looked at the clock—fifteen minutes to nine. I was tired and eager to close the place of business and go home. A gentleman sauntered in and asked to see some moccasins.

"What size, please?" I placed the desired moccasins in two

different designs upon the counter saying: "These are made of elk hide. They will wear well and give comfort. We also have these beaded ones."

A shabbily dressed man entered and without speaking, walked down to the end of the store and stood looking into a show case very close to the cash register. Some way, I was filled with misgivings. I excused myself and went to the new customer and asked: "What can I do for you tonight?"

He gazed at me with a strange, desperate expression on his unshaven face and replied that he wanted a souvenir of Salt Lake. I felt a little afraid. I didn't like the thought of being left alone in the store with this stranger. I hoped he would leave before the other customer. But the gentleman who wanted the moccasins, came down to my counter with a pair of beaded ones.

"I'll take this pair," he said.

Like lightning, the thought passed through my mind: "Render therefore unto Caesar, the things which are Caesar's." I knew there was about one hundred and seventy-five dollars in the cash register. For a moment I felt bewildered, but pretending to be a trifle annoyed, I remarked: "These moccasins are three twenty five. I hope you have the exact change, my employer—"

"I understand," broke in the gentleman. "It isn't safe to keep any large sum on hand, so I am pleased to pay you the exact amount." He glanced carelessly at the shabby stranger.

I rang it up on C drawer, the money was in D and E drawers, as we had been using these all day.

"Please look around, you may find something else you might like," I hinted pleasantly, hoping in this way to detain him until the other man would leave. But he hurried away. The door closed and I was alone with this suspicious looking character.

"Here are a few inexpensive souvenirs," I commenced.

The man was leaning against the counter in a slouched position facing me. Quick as a flash the hand which he held in the right outside pocket of his coat was jerked upward and pointed at me. A cold chill went down my spine. In a hoarse, hollow voice that trembled, he exclaimed: "Missus, I don't want souvenirs, I reckon what you and that gent said the boss has taken the cash home with him, but you took in some money for them shoes, get it quick and don't holler."

To say I was frightened was putting it mild indeed. My hair stood on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." I realized how Hamlet must have felt when he saw his father's ghost. I gave the man the money and believe me I did not hesitate. Anything to get rid of him. It was the first time in my life I had been held up, but instead of leaving the shop, the man's

legs, as well as his voice, trembled, both failed him; he managed to gasp.

"Thank ye, lady," then slumped down on a stool and sobbed bitterly.

I was so astonished I did not know what to do or say, but someway two thousand years of trouble, anguish, sin and sorrow rolled away and I heard a gentle voice saying:

"Render unto God the things that are God's."

"The foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." Then I wondered how much of that money belonged to Caesar anyway. Quick as a flash I was on the other side of the counter.

My brother, hungry, here in this great productive state of Utah? God forbid. I could not doubt him. I lost all sense of fear. The Bible says: "Fear hath torment." Thank God, I was free, for "perfect love casteth out fear."

The man looked up and saw the changed expression on my face.

"Missus," he questioned, "why ain't you afraid of me?"

"Why should I be afraid of my brother? I will help you." I answered calmly.

"Lady, I ain't a criminal, honest. I have no gun, that was only my pipe I had in my pocket. I'm sick and hungry. Don't give me up to the cops. It is the first time in my life I ever tried to rob anyone, and you, you look like my mother."

"Come, come, I said briskly. Of course, you are not a criminal. I would not let you be one. I will lend you that money. Let it be a business deal. When you feel better, I will help you to find employment, then you can return the loan. Brace up! It's a good hot supper you need."

"Lady, do ye mean that ye won't give me up?" he cried brokenly in a dazed, bewildered manner.

"Of course, I mean every word I say. Why shouldn't I help you? You are ill but you will soon feel better. I have a friend who owns a garage and only today, he told me he needs a man to clean cars. You can do that work, I know. He pays union wages and if you make good, I am sure he will keep you."

"Lady," he began—then his voice choked and he could say no more.

"Come," I said, "I will go with you to a restaurant."

As he rose to his feet, he brushed the tears of gratitude from his eyes and a faint smile appeared about the corners of his drooping mouth.

"Missus, you are a true friend."

I left him in a nearby restaurant, sitting before well filled plates and very busily employed.

"Good night, brother, come tomorrow at nine a. m. and I will accompany you to the garage," I said at parting.

I hurried back to the shop, to find the janitor there ready to begin sweeping.

"Oh, Mr. Anderson," I explained, "I haven't put my cash in the safe."

I counted the money with a thankful heart and as I put the cash away and covered the stock that was on display on tables and counters, my mind wandered back to the last night I spent with my dear friend, that great, magnificent, picturesque Californian—, Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras. We sat on the steps of his small mountain cabin on the Heights and watched the glorious sun go drifting out across the blue Pacific, and later as the twinkling stars lit up the purple canopy above the great, busy city of San Francisco, my friend of the white soul and kind heart, put his arm lightly across my shoulders and said with deep feeling:

"My dear, my work on earth is nearly finished. My soul will soon embark. My ashes will be strewn here among the trees I have planted and love so well. As we sit here and gaze out beyond the Golden Gate, I keep thinking of that poem you wrote for me:"

The air is chill and the night grows late,
And the moon rides high o'er the Golden Gate.
Her silver luster, she flashes down
On the silent fort and the sleeping town.
In the shimmering distance I see a sail,
That leaves in its wake a glowing trail.
On that phantom barque, I will go in state
To my heavenly home, through the Golden Gate.

I sat on the step just below him and rested my head against his knee. I could not speak. I was lost in a profound reverie.

"Yes, my dear," he continued. "It will only be a little while. I am going to give you my book, I want you to keep it to remember me by when I am gone to Paradise. I have marked one of my favorite poems. It is one I wrote when I placed a wreath of California flowers on the grave of George Gordon Lord Byron, one of England's sweetest singers."

Remember Joaquin Miller! The memory of that wonderful night and that marvelous poem will remain with me while life lasts:

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men have called divine,
I find so much of sin and blot
I would not dare to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.

My employer is a busy man, busy with the affairs of the

L. D. S. Church, so I did not tell him of my cash register experience. I knew him to be a kind, just man who seasoned his justice with a liberal measure of mercy, and would approve of whatever I thought best to do under the circumstances, so I deemed it best to say nothing.

Just as I was ready to go home the night before we closed out, my forlorn friend called upon me. What a change had taken place. He was no longer a forlorn, hungry outcast, but an honest working man, clean shaven, neatly dressed and wearing a smile that did my eyes good to look upon.

"Good evenin', Missus," his voice sounded strong and vibrant.

I greeted him pleasantly. "Well, how are you getting along, my friend?"

"O, just splendid, Missus, thank you, and its all due to your great kindness. Believe me, I'll never forgit you either. Here, I want to pay you that money, principal and interest, too."

He handed me a five dollar bill. "That money was the best investment you ever made. It saved me from becoming a criminal, and as God is my judge I did not want to steal, but I was simply driven desperate with hunger and sickness."

"My friend!" I said, "I'll take the principal, but cannot accept the interest as you have not had the loan thirty days yet, and business is business."

Yes! I realized I had made a good investment. Sometimes I think we are living in a strange world, here in a land of abundance and luxury, yet some of us are so unfortunate we can hardly get the wherewith upon which to exist.

For six weeks I had been selling little expensive trinkets to bring added joy to people who are so well supplied with worldly goods that they do not know what to do with what they have, let alone acquiring any more. Yet, when the opportunity came for me to lend a little timely aid, it enabled me to buy a good, useful citizen for the community; freedom from prison for an unfortunate brother; to restore to him, confidence in himself and the world; honor, health and happiness. Yes, a good, a very good investment, and yet, John Ross, I would still ask a greater reward; I hope my prayers have bought your soul for God. I appreciate your gratitude, but do not want you to feel indebted to me. It was my privilege to help you. We must demonstrate by our daily walk that we believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. When you see someone else in need, pass it on.

"For in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of God's children, ye have done it unto Me."

And yet, my friend, let us always remember that: "Of myself I can do nothing. It is the Father which dwelleth within that doeth the work. And all things are possible with God."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

Christ and the Book of Mormon

The Book of Mormon is in the truest sense of the word a revelator of Jesus Christ. Each prophet testifies of the divinity of Christ, and with almost scientific exactness tells us that this knowledge comes only through the gift and power of the Holy Ghost. Indeed the testimony of the Book of Mormon is so uniform in this matter that it is as if one would say, If you place your hand upon a stove it will be burned; or, water subjected to a gas flame will, if it remain long enough in contact with the flame, boil. There is no other way to bring water to a boiling point except through subjecting it to heat of some kind or other in some way or other. It is the law on which the result is predicated. So there is no other way by which man may obtain a testimony of the divinity of the Christ, save through the Holy Ghost; it is the law on which the result is predicated. On this matter the Book of Mormon is exceedingly clear and exceedingly direct.

How Canada Received its Name

From Mr. David H. Elton, practicing attorney in Lethbridge, Canada, we have the following interesting item that very likely

has been brought to the fore again through the celebration of the confederation held in Canada during the season. Mr. Elton states that when the fathers of confederation assembled that the matter of a name for the federation of states very naturally had to be decided upon. Someone suggested that the country be known as the Kingdom of Canada, while someone else urged that such a name might prove offensive to the United States of America as it had taken a very definite stand against kings. The person urging this point of view recalled the Biblical phrase: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." This suggested a name for the new family of states. The outcome of this discussion resulted in the name Dominion of Canada, which is the name by which the country is known to all the earth. It also is in harmony with the Book of Mormon prophecy which states: "This land shall be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land, which shall raise up unto the Gentiles. And I will fortify this land against all other nations."

The Frontispiece

We are using as the frontispiece to this issue a cut of William T. Amitage's painting in the Logan temple entitled "The Glorious Appearing of Jesus to the Nephites." Nothing found within the lids of the Book of Mormon is more inspiring than the account of Christ's appearance to the Nephites, consequently it would be inconceivable that it should not tempt the painter. Indeed, it could well be the ambition of any painter of the first rank to make this engrossing story the subject of his masterpiece.

Armitage is one of the first of our painters to attempt this all absorbing theme. The picture was for many years upon the walls of the Logan temple. Unfortunately, at the fire that took place about ten years ago it was destroyed. The copy we are making use of in the magazine is from the frontispiece of the Reynold's *Story of the Book of Mormon.* We have no knowledge of its preservation in any other place, although private individuals may possess prints of it. The painting marks the beginning of effort to portray one of the chiefest events in the history of mankind as well as one of its most glorious experiences. May the time be near at hand when the gifted artists among the Latter-day Saints shall strive to portray this theme in all its sublimtiy.

General Conference of Relief Society

The semi-annual conference of the Relief Society was held October 6, 1927. The conference consisted of two sessions, a general officers' meeting, held in the Bishop's Building at 10 a. m., and a general session for the public, held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall at 2 p. m. The attendance at the general session was 2,300, and at the officers' meeting 444, with the following representation: General Board members 20; mission presidents 4; other mission representatives 4; stake presidents 53; counselors 69; secretary-treasurers 31; stake board members 132; ward presidents 131. President Clarissa S. Williams presided at both sessions of the conference. Mrs. Lizzie Thomas Edward, general chorister, was in charge of the music, and was assisted by Miss Edna Coray at the organ. Special musical features were: a solo by Mrs. Edward and a duet by Messrs. Charles and Earl Martin. Ushers for the conference were provided by Pioneer stake.

OFFICERS' MEETING

President Clarissa S. Williams

We are very happy to meet you again, after six months of spring and summer work, and we are delighted that there are so many here this morning in attendance as there are. The General Board members who have visited your stakes are very much pleased with the conditions which they have found, and with the work you are doing. About one-half of the stakes have been visited this year by the auxiliary heads, including, of course, the representative of the Relief Society. We know that in attendance this morning there are not as large a number of stake officers as attended the regular annual meeting of the organization in April, but we are happy that there are as many as there are. We have asked the ward presidents to come, believing that it is better to have a full assembly, and that they will perhaps get some ideas in regard to their welfare work, or some other work which is being promulgated, and we are happy to greet them as well as the representatives of the stakes of the Church.

I believe I can say to you that we have not been idle. I was just trying now to think whether the members of the General Board have had a summer vacation. We adjourn board meet-

ings for the months of July and August, but these months are among the busiest of the year for us, because our visiting begins in July. We hope that the work which is given to you in your conventions is pleasing to you, and that you will feel that you are going to be able to get out of it some hints and helps which will assist you in your work during the Winter season. It is very difficult to prepare work for so many organizations working under such different conditions, but we are happy to say that the mission presidents are adapting the work to the needs of the people in the missions where they labor, and we have splendid reports of the results not only in the United States, but in the foreign missions. I would like to report that President and Mrs. James E. Talmage have been released now from their labors in the European mission, and that Elder John A. Widtsoe and his wife, Leah Dunford Widtsoe, have been appointed to take the place of President and Mrs. Talmage, and we feel sure that the splendid work which has been accomplished by Mrs. Talmage in her labors among the women of the European mission will be continued by Mrs. Widtsoe.

The General Board is very pleased to announce that two hospital graduate nurses have been recipients of the Relief Society Public Health Nurse Loan Fund. They are Miss Florence West and Miss Irene L. Harris, of Ogden, Utah. They took the course in public health nursing given at the University of Washington, where they graduated. They are now both holding positions in the state where they are doing public health nursing. We are also pleased to announce that Miss Genevieve Thornton, who for a number of years was a social worker at the Relief Society headquarters, was the recipient of our Social Service Loan Fund. She took advanced training in the School of Social Service Adminstration of the University of Chicago, where she was graduated with her masters' degree for social work, Miss Thornton spent one summer as a resident at Hull House, where she was able to study settlement work at close range. She also spent one year as a field worker in Associated Charities of Chicago. We are very pleased to have Miss Thornton back in the welfare department, where she is case supervisor in charge of the family work. At the present time we have five nurses who are making use of the Zina D. H. Young Relief Society Nurse Loan Fund, which provides that each applicant may receive $75 to assist her in her course in nursing. From a report from the Brigham Young University we learn that 100 girls have been benefitted by the Emmeline B. Wells Relief Society Memorial Loan Fund.

The L. D. S. Hospital has asked us to announce that with the proposed new addition to the hospital many additional nurses will be needed, and it is the plan of the hospital to enlarge the class. When the call is made for nurse students, it is hoped that

Relief Society women will assist in recruiting women for the work. It is the plan to improve the course by having some of the theoretical courses given at the University of Utah by the regular professors there. Other new features will be added to the course in training.

What Does The Relief Society Mean To The Young Woman

Mrs. Claire Stewart Boyer

A few years ago as I sat in the audiences of the different meetings of the organizations of our Church, and heard men and women, older than I, whose parents were pioneers, say, "I know the gospel is true," I wondered at that time how it was possible for them to say, "I know." After investigating among the women of my age—women who were two generations removed from the pioneers, I found a startling number of them were in the same predicament. We hoped the gospel was true, we believed it must be true, but we did not know it was true. A short time ago I was given the privilege of working in the Relief Society. In the literary work I delved into the lives of recognized men and women of vision of the United States, and I found almost without exception that these men and women had some of the same hopes, the same dreams, the same ideals that we, as members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have inherited. In their quest of truth they have, for moments at least, received the same vision and walked in the same path as our prophet. That was the beginning, for me, of testimony. It later fell to my lot to go into the details of the lives of the founders and builders of our Church. I was especially interested and held spellbound by the memories of the founders of the Relief Society—Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba W. Smith and Emmeline B. Wells, and I came away from those throbbing pages with a knowledge that those women of the early days did not sacrifice and suffer except that they knew this was the everlasting gospel. Then, day by day, I came into contact with the present leaders of the Relief Society—women of rare spirituality and of great faith, and although they have not been faced with pioneer problems, they are also sacrificing and working hard for the upbuilding of this Church, and I knew that they would not be carrying on so gloriously if the gospel were not a gospel of truth; and so, for the first time in my life, after a brief period in the Relief Society, I am able to stand with my elders and say, I know the gospel is true.

There are hundreds of other young women of my age, two generations removed from the pioneers, who are waiting and needing the opportunity that has been given me. They need to

work hand in hand with you older women of superior spirituality. They need an opportunity to let their faith grow through their works. It is true that with the four-fold nature of the Relief Society work, there isn't a young woman in the country who could not be interested in the work itself, but aside from the fact that that broadens their lives wonderfully, the thing that they need most is an opportunity to let their faith grow. These young women are to be the Relief Society women of the future, and unless their faith is equal to that of the workers of the past, this great organization cannot progress in the future as it has in the past. In order that we may look forward to a greater Relief Society, I pray that these young women who are waiting and yearning for this opportunity of working in the Relief Society, will be given that chance by you who have that in your hands to give.

How "The Exponent" Was Started

Mrs. Lula Greene Richards

(Introducing Mrs. Richards, President Williams said: We have a rock of history. Sister Lula Greene Richards, who was founder of the *Women's Exponent,* and editor for 5 years, and as the *Woman's Exponent* played such a prominent part in the history of the Relief Society in Utah, we have thought you would be interested in hearing from the mouth of the woman who was the first editor something regarding the beginning of this unique paper—a little of the trials and hardships and labor connected with the founding of that magazine.)

Beloved sisters and co-workers in the greatest woman's association in the world—the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—I am happy to greet you this morning; to appear before you as the real veteran of the first publication owned and printed by the women of the Church to which we belong—or by any women in Utah. I am requested to give you a twenty minute talk on that publication, *The Woman's Exponent.* Naturally I shall have to say something of myself as I was connected with the original thought of that woman's paper although the thought was not originated in my brain. In October, of 1871, fifty-six years ago this month, I was a visitor from Smithfield, Cache Valley, to the general Fall conference in Salt Lake City. I came not only to attend conference, but with the expectation of entering one of the popular schools here as an instructor in one of the lower grades by which means I was to pay my way as a student in some of the higher courses. While completing these arrangements I one day called on Sister Eliza R. Snow and in conversation with her I asked why she did not publish a second volume of her poems for the comfort and good

of the Church. She replied that it cost money to print books, and that she had none for that purpose. A bright thought came to me. I had been secretary of the Smithfield branch of the Relief Society for two or three years, and from what I had learned of the general spirit of the sisters in Zion, I believed they would be glad to give, personally, and make a collection of money sufficient to pay for the printing of a second volume of Eliza R. Snow's poems. This idea I briefly but fervently expressed to Aunt Eliza and asked her permission to write a circular to the sisters and start a movement in line of my suggestion. She rather reluctantly gave her consent and I drafted my circular which she criticised and then approved. Sister Sarah M. Kimball called in and was at once thoroughly interested. She took the matter as far as this part of the community was concerned into her own hands, and the money for the printing of the book was soon collected. The starting of that little affair introduced my name favorably among some of the leading sisters here at headquarters.

Just before I was to enter school I received a very pathetic letter from home. Serious illness there required my presence as soon as possible. I must get home—but how? The Utah Northern Railroad was completed as far as Brigham City, the remainder of the journey must be an all day's drive in a horse team stage. The worst of it all was I had no money, and it would require seven dollars and fifty cents to pay my way home. I must try what I could do to make that amount of money in the quickest way possible. The *Salt Lake Herald* was then a new and brilliant paper edited and published by three of our "Mormon" men, John T. Caine, William C. Dunbar and Edward L. Sloan. I did not know any one of these men, but I was going to try something on them. Prayerfully, hopefully and earnestly I spent nearly an entire night writing off a small collection of original poems which I thought were good and interesting. Then I wrote a letter to the editors of the *Herald* explaining my situation, expressing my admiration of their paper and asking them to pay me seven dollars and fifty cents for the poems I had written for them, which amount would be required to take me home. I put my writing into a large envelope, sealed it, and addressed it to the editor of the *Herald*, and politely requested an immediate reply which would be called for very soon. I did not want to see the editors or either of them, I knew it was too early for that when I knocked at the front door of their printing office. A boy opened the door and I handed him the envelope, then went and attended to some errands, chiefly the unqualified canceling of my engagement with the school. When I returned to the printing establishment an hour or two later, the same boy that met me there at first, handed me another sealed envelope.

Brother Cain had written me an encouraging and appreciative letter. They liked my writings and enclosed with the reply the money I had asked for. I was soon at home.

A few days after I received a letter from Brother Sloan informing me that a paper was going to be established in Salt Lake City to belong to the women, and that I had been chosen as the editor. I answered thanking him for the consideration, and regretting that I was not qualified for such an undertaking, my abilities had been over-estimated, there were others far more suited to such a calling. He wrote again telling me that my work had inspired him with the thought of the woman's paper which the sisters very much needed and it would be of unlimited worth to them; that he would carry the business part of the work, and I should be the editor; that I was an essential portion of the enterprise and it would not be started without me. Then I referred him to Sister Eliza R. Snow, telling him that nothing of the kind could be started without her sanction and cooperation. He visited Sister Snow and talked the matter over with her. She was delighted with Brother Sloan's plan and wrote encouraging me to take hold of the work whole-heartedly. I answered her that if I should enter upon such work I should want President Young to give it to me as a mission. Aunt Eliza read my letter to President Young and then wrote me that he said he would give me that work as a mission and bless me in it. And President Young kept his promise, as he always did.

I have tried to explain how *The Woman's Exponent* was started, and I hope my explanation is satisfactory, as I have conscientiously endeavored to be very exact. I came to the April conference in 1872. We prepared, printed and circulated a prospectus of our paper among the presidents of the different branches of the Relief Society everywhere, and on the first of June that year the first number of the *Exponent* was issued.

My first home here and the first editorial office of the *Exponent* was in the house of my great uncle Bishop Lorenzo D. Young, in the 18th ward. The equipment of the office was a table with writing materials, a few books, magazines, some chairs and a bed. The paper was first printed by the *Herald* Publishing Company. It was issued semi-monthly and the subscription price was two dollars a year.

During the five years that I held the editorship of the paper, I do not think the subscription list ever exceeded one thousand, if it reached that number. Many of our people were not educated up to the understanding of seeing why the sisters of the Relief Society should need anything as expensive as a publication of their own, and they sometimes resented being asked to subscribe for it. Some of the different departments featured were: News and Views, on the front page at first, afterwards

changed to Editorial Notes. The second page was devoted to Relief Society Reports and Home Affairs. Next, Editorials and Household Hints, Correspondence, called Woman's Voice; Poetry, etc.

The first work of publishing the *Exponent* was done by the *Salt Lake Herald* Company, and we had considerable difficulty in getting subscriptions sufficient to carry on our work. As I remember, our publications cost $50 an issue. I may be mistaken about that, as it was a semi-monthly and it may be that $50 per month was what we paid. I think our subscription list never exceeded one thousand if it reached that number, during the five years that I was editor of the *Exponent.*

A year after I started the *Exponent,* I married Levi Edgar Richards, whom I found to be the best critic and help that I could have. Two years later my first baby was born. She lived only two years and four months, and then scarlet fever took her. Eight months later my second child was born and I found that physically, and perhaps otherwise, I was not fitted to bearing and rearing a family and editing a paper at the same time. So I wrote to President Young and told him that he had given me that work as a mission, editing *The Woman's Exponent,* and that a year later he sealed upon me a higher mission, that of wifehood and motherhood, and that I could not carry on the two successfully. I therefore asked him for an honorable release, which he gave to me willingly and blessed me the same as he had at the beginning of my work. Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells who had assisted me as Associate Editor from December 1, 1875 to August 1, 1877 succeeded me as editor on August 1, 1877.

I want to tell you, my sisters that I found out while I was young, that when we are called to any work by the proper authority, we need not shirk from it, because the Lord will help us out, and my prayer is that he will bless you all in your calling and prosper the Relief Society which I feel is the greatest organization of women in the world.

Preview Of The Work In Child Study For 1928

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley

You are to be congratulated certainly on the splendid interest which you are showing in the child welfare movement, and that part of the child welfare movement we call the child study movement. The Relief Society, as you have heard, and as you know better than I, has a tradition of pioneering, it has a tradition of being up-to-date, and I have not the slightest doubt but that the body of women represented here, and the greater body that you represent, can do wonderful things and will continue

to do wonderful things in the interest of family life, and particularly in the interest of normal child development. I felt quite honored when your officers asked me to assist a committee which had been assigned the task of deciding upon a book which would be suited to your course of study for the next year or two, and I also felt honored in being asked to assist in the preparation of the lessons.

Just a word about this child study movement of which you are already a part, and we hope, by the end of the year or two of this course, that you will be the larger part of the movement. This interest of ours in the normal child, in every child, comes largely, I think, because of what we think of as the humanitarian movement. People are more interested in one another, and particularly in helpless children, than they have ever been before in the history of the world, and that is called humanitarianism—interest in one another, helpful, constructive brotherly love. Our interest in this country has been large, and our success in this movement has been unusual, partly because we believe in democracy, and that theory is that every child is entitled to consideration. Another reason for the new growth of child study in this country is because of the rather large surplus of wealth that has come from the development of our natural resources, which we have devoted to this very worthy cause. For instance, there is no country in the world in which so much money and time are spent upon education, and that is a very tangible evidence of our love for one another. It partly arises out of a desire to educate ourselves, because we believe that education is the only universal solvent of our ills. Education includes not only secular education, but character education and religious education. Another reason for the development of the movement in this country is the advance made in recent years in what we call behavior science, which is concerned with understanding human nature. While we do not know very much, we find ourselves with an increasing amount of information about human nature, even though as we find this increasing amount we are much in the position of the person who climbs the mountain, which from the bottom of the valley looks as if it has only one peak, but as he climbs that, he finds another and another. However, it looks as if now there has come to be a body of information, very reliable, upon which we can proceed with this very delicate job of guiding and molding the personalities of children.

One or two of the underlying assumptions in this child welfare and child study movement are in the first place, that character and personality are more easily formed than reformed. What I mean is simply this, that it is much easier to take a child in the second or third grade in school and give him such moral and spiritual guidance as he needs, than to take the same child when

he reaches the industrial school and attempt to "unring the bells." You cannot unring the bells. This principle is so simple and so self-evident that we sometimes neglect it. The important things in life are sometimes the simplest. Another principle, another assumption which has come from our studies in various fields of what we call the behavior science, is the conviction, born of evidence, that personality is very pliable. Until recently we have believed implicity that personality is pretty well fixed at birth and that each child is a chip off the old block, and that like begets like, and that to improve the race you must improve the germ plasm; and some have gone so far as to apply cattle breeding principles to human breeding, saying it is merely a matter of breeding out the bad stock and breeding in the good. There are many fallacies in that view. You as religionists, and some of us as religionists and as students of human behavior, believe there is a fundamental difference between horses and human beings. There is a "missing link" between man and all the other animals, of very profound importance. As one speaker very aptly said yesterday at the Utah Conference of Social Work, intelligence is very much like soil in the field. The soil does not determine itself the crop that is to be raised upon it. All of the forces that operate upon a personality are, so to speak, the seed, the sunshine, and the rain, all working together to produce the crop out of this soil. Personality and character are the things which develop in the soil of our heritage. The soil limits the crop you can grow upon it; it does not determine what it shall be. So it is in personality and character. The nature of the intelligence does not necessarily predict the kind of character and personality that is to grow upon that soil. We have not yet struck the limits of possibilities. A great deal of the training outlined for primary children is based upon the learning of an Italian woman, based upon what she knew of feeble-minded children. It is astounding to see what can be done with children whose mentality is no greater than that of a two-year old with idiots. They can actually teach one another. We are beginning to realize as never before how pliable, how plastic, this human material is, even granted that there are limits set to its physical devleopment, to its strength, and to its potential intelligence.

These are some of the assumptions underlying this child study movement. The movement has taken two forms—the physical care and physical hygiene of children, and the mental care and mental hygiene of children. The physical care you are already well acquainted with. A conference in 1912, of individuals interested in child welfare, resulted in the organization of the United States Children's Bureau. The outstanding piece of work that that organization has done (and it has been a tremendous achievement) has been to reduce the amount of infant

mortality in the United States. They found an undue amount of infant mortality and an unnecessary amount of material mortality. There were too many children dying within the first year of life and too many mothers dying because of childbirth, and this Children's Bureau has devoted itself to the task of reducing sickness and death of mothers at this early period of child life. There has grown up along with that interest a whole network of activity and organization and principles which we call principles of child hygiene, and organization for child welfare. It is a source of pride to some of us to feel that the Relief Society in this Church has cooperated so beautifully with the State Boards of Health in the administration of laws which the government has passed, looking toward the reduction of infant mortality.

There is another phase to this movement of child welfare or child study, and that is mental hygiene. This, however, is a little later in developing than the physical and bodily care of children. We first heard of it when twenty or twenty-five years ago a man by the name of Dr. William Healy organized the first child guidance clinic in connection with the Chicago Juvenile Court, when that court decided it was going to treat delinquent children as sick children instead of punishing them. They found the thing they needed most was someone to tell them what children were and what they needed. They decided that if you are not going to punish Johnny for stealing the automobile, you must find out why Johnny stole the automobile, whether he has something unusual about his life, about his environment, whether he has vicious habits, etc. You will begin to realize the necessity of the employment of individuals skilled in understanding these things—the physicians, the psychologist, the social worker, and others. That service growing up with the Chicago Juvenile Court has been helpful and has now become so universal that there is not a juvenile court of any significance in the country but what has attached to it a service of that kind. We have been in a State Conference two days, and have convinced ourselves that we need the same service in our own juvenile courts. It is not only a question of financial support, it is a question of vision. I remember sometime ago, a small community in this State asking us what they should do in order to wisely expend $5,000 for playground equipment, how many slides and teeter totters, etc., should be purchased. We said, employ a person to whom you can justly pay a salary of $5,000, and let that person rustle the equipment—you may not even need it. It is a question of vision as well as a question of means. Last Saturday the University played the first football game in a new stadium—which is a beautiful thing. There are a lot of other things, however, that the University needs which are equally imperative with the need of

a stadium, but we do not get them, probably because we are not as interested in them as we are in football. That is one reason why it is easier to pry lose money for some things than others. The importance must be felt, then the money will be easier to get. The University did not find much difficulty in getting money for the stadium, but they have found it difficult to get money for a child guidance clinic at the University which would serve the State. This child guidance movement, able to render expert service, has become so widespread as to be almost universal, and along with that movement there has come the necessity of educating parents and teachers and social workers as to what child need is, and how best it can be secured, and that is the reason for the child study movement. It is recognized that the things the psychologist can do in a clinic can be done by parents in the home. So there has been developed the technique of child study. Organizations are now complete over the country, and in foreign countries, which are stimulating systematic study on the part of parents.

The purpose of this volume, *The Child: His Nature and His Needs,* which has been adopted as a text for the next two years by the Relief Society, is to give out reliable information on the needs and care of children. If this book were sold as books are regularly sold in the book market, it would cost from $6 to $7, and it is going to be sold at $1.25 in a special Relief Society edition, with the Relief Society inscription on the cover. The founder of the Children's Foundation, which makes this work possible, has set aside large sums of money for the dissemination of this information in this form, and what you do is to become a subscriber to the foundation—you don't buy the book, although it is your property. The president has said that "The Children's Foundation has for its objects the study of the child and the dissemination of knowledge promotive of the well-being of children." It came into existence at Valparaiso, Indiana, late in 1921, when a charter was granted to it by the State of Indiana as a corporation not for profit, and a gift was made available to its Trustees for effecting its organization and developing its program of work.

"The Foundation has first undertaken the task of appraising present-day knowledge relating to the nature, well-being, and education of children, and through this volume, *The Child: His Nature and His Needs,* it seeks to make this knowledge available for practical use everywhere by those who are in immediate contact with children, fashioning their intellect, moulding their character and influencing their physical development."

"The book is a compilation of the best thought of about twenty or thirty different writers. It is edited, however, by a very able authority on child care, who says that in asking these

twenty or thirty different writers to contribute to this task: "It is expected that you will make a survey of what is known in your special department, and will present this knowledge in such phrases and in such form that it can be readily understood and its importance appreaciated by those who are actually in contact with childhood and youth. It is expected further that you will show how the knowledge which you present relates concretely and practically to the every-day problems of dealing with the young. It is not desired that you should attempt to apply this knowledge in every possible way in which it can be applied, but only that you should go far enough to show the parent, the teacher, and the social worker that the knowledge in question has a vital relation to the actual task of rearing the young so that they may gain physical, intellectual, social, and moral stability and efficiency. Neither the trustees of The Children's Foundation nor the Editor of this volume will impose any particular views upon you in the treatment of your theme. You will have a free hand, only so that you conform to the general aims of The Children's Foundation and the objects of this volume."

This volume attempts to bring together in non-technical language, the results of the researches made in these various fields and to indicate what are some of the rules of healthy child life and growth. I think the mechanical features of this book will be very appealing—the large type, and good substantial paper, the photographs and illustrations which are contained in it. There are also marginal notes and topic headings, and it is my understanding that the Relief Society is intending to prepare lessons which will parallel the reading and systematic study of this book.

In conclusion let me say that I am particularly interested in the Relief Society, as I am in all other auxiliaries of this Church. I feel keenly the opportunity which it is to be a member of this Church, and I am thinking now of a conversation which I had with the chief of the United States Children's Bureau, who was here last year, Miss Grace Abbott, when in speaking of the administration of the Sheppard-Towner law, she said, "There is probably no group of people in this country where this Sheppard-Towner law, which is attempting to reduce the rate of mortality of infants and mothers, can be more satisfactorily administered than it is in the 'Mormon' communities." It is a source of pride, it is an evidence of the superhuman ingenuity which is back of this organization and its purposes (and when I say the Church I mean Relief Society, Mutual Improvement, and all other auxiliaries.) The Relief Society has demonstrated in that particular bit of work its tremendous power to do a job. It is an indication of the strength and cohesiveness of its organization; it indicates what can be done when a dynamic purpose is given it. I woud

like to suggest that we have many problems in our midst, but we do not need to wait for someone from Washington to tell us they need solving. If you have been attending the State Confernce of Social Work here you will realize that we have a tremendous problem of pauperism, even in our own communities, that our skirts are not clean by any manner of means. If they were, our county infirmaries would not be filled, our hospital in Provo would not be overcrowded, we would not have to face the charge that the majority of delinquents at the Industrial School are our boys and girls, and we would not be confronted with the information that too many of the names on the state prison lists are those of our boys and girls, probably of Church affiliation. It seems there are some things which we can all do together, and the hope is that the same kind of enthusiasm and success which you achieved with the Sheppard-Towner law can be achieved in all other projects, which will be the case if you unitedly decide to work together as you usually do. We tried at the last session of the legislature to get a decent, quiet and attractive place where persons whom we call feeble-minded might be placed (and it is no disgrace to be feeble-minded). We could not get it from the legislature. We have been trying for a long time to interest our legislators to make competent provision. There are only three other states in the union which are like Utah in having failed to provide a decent, intelligent place where these children can be housed and educated. If I were to tell you that the only school for feeble-minded in the state is a little private dwelling in the very heart of this city, you would begin to realize the need for an institution for these people. This is only a sample of many things we need, and I do not know of another group which has such power and such influence as the Relief Society in helping to secure these needs; and I feel confident, that our hopes will be achieved, that we shall convert these glorious Christian principles of loving our brothers into goodly living together.

May the Lord bless you in achieving these splendidly worthy purposes. He has blessed you and he will continue to bless you, because you are whole-hearted, sincere and worthy in your purposes.

How Old is a Woman at Forty?

By Ruth Ward Mumford

Is a woman as old as she looks? Among my poor possessions I treasure a faded photograph of my mother, made during her early twenties when she was a blushing bride. Were she to come to life and step out of that picture today any gallant young man would hasten to offer his seat to the "dear old lady" or to assist her across the traffic-ridden street. But block out from that old-fashioned picture the fussy, rouchinged neck-piece, the quaint unyielding bodice, and the tightly drawn, ungraceful coiffure and you will see unmistakably the same co-quettish eyes, the glowing cheeks and the kindly, sparkling smile that greets one today from the billboard girl "whose skin you love to touch." Appearances often deceive. The girl of a generation past seemed bent on making herself look as sedate and old as possible. The girl of today, of whatever age, contrives by ways that are dark and ingenious to look young.

Is a woman as old as she feels? She has schooled herself never to feel older than a cavorting colt or a playful kitten. No modern woman under sixty will permit herself to feel old.

But why not be frank and measure a woman's age, or a man's for that matter, by the almanac? Because, to the woman of forty the years that have flown mean nothing. The past is gone forever. She is living in the blazing present and anticipating a yet-brighter future. Besides, the remorseless stride of time does not determine the age of living tissues. In the children's ward you may see poor little creatures of ten or twelve months, wizened and careworn as an octogenarian. Their tissues actually are, to all intents and purposes, old; burnt out. Premature age in men of forty is sometimes found deeply etched, not only in the sallow wrinkled face, but also in the vital tissues. Such men are not only apparently, but actually aged at forty. On the other hand, there are men and women of eighty whose arteries are still pliable, eyes bright and keen, muscular tissues firm and spirits charmingly nimble and youthful. Thomas A. Edison is such a youth. The calendar is no more reliable in measuring age than is the mirror or the trick of self-deception.

But why should a woman of forty be concerned about her age at all? Because age forty, measured by the family Bible, ushers in that golden period of life called middle age. At age forty most men and women have become stablized, but not static. The flush of youth has been mellowed into a surer judgment. Rosy dreams have been rudely smashed but with the awakening have come beautiful, substantial realities and serene satisfactions.

The babies that once absorbed so much of a woman's emotional and physical life are no longer the ceaseless care they were. They remain just as dear, but now they are beginning to repay something of the love and affection invested in them. Now in these golden forties, fifties and sixties, the young woman has opportunity to relish the creature comforts of life and to enjoy the creations of art and music, to indulge some of her own long-suppressed ambitions. Whatever may be the charms of childhood, youth or old age, the forties represent the meridian of life, and this period may with reasonable care be extended well into the seventies.

Just because the golden forties, fifties and sixties present such an ideal picture is all the more reason why the actual situation, with regard to health, is so tragic. Middle life has, with considerable justice, been called the dangerous age. During the forties certain diseases that handicap the body make their unwelcome appearance most frequently than at other ages. Cancer is one of the enemies of middle life. But while cancer has not yet yielded its secret we do know that most cases are curable if discovered early. Tuberculosis strikes hardest during young adulthood but even at forty or fifty we cannot afford to let down the defenses against this enemy. Diseases of the heart, arteries and kidneys, are often the great despoilers of the golden age. These are mostly disorders of wear and tear; of tissue decay, and they announce themselves usually only after irreparable damage has been done. Fortunately the doctor, with his instruments of precision and his experience, can often detect the onset of these diseases of middle age when they are in the early stages. Generally speaking, the conditions that handicap or destroy life in middle age are curable or at least remediable in proportion as they are discovered early. Neglect is the sand that wears down and prematurely ages most machines in middle age. The woman who expects to be forty for a long time will give her body sensible, intelligent care. The latest fashion—it is not a fad—is to have a physical examination periodically; some say once a year. The purpose of this stock-taking idea is not to find out how sick one is, but what one's capital in terms of health really amounts to. A careful examination of every organ and part will do more to determine the true age of a person than anything else. It will help to conserve those physical assets which make for youthfulness and beauty, for, as everyone knows, damage must be nipped in the bud, if its later serious consequences are to be escaped.

How old is a woman at forty? Perish the idea! Old is not the word. At forty she is gloriously young. She may have been more callow upon a time, but if her cheeks are painted from the inside out, she will never be more youthful and charming than at

middle-age. And the bloom of youth need not fade for many, many years.

Through the general education of the public in the ways of health the National Tuberculosis Association and its affiliated associations in every state have been seeking to prolong life. In this time the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced more than half. Their campaign is supported by the annual Christmas Seal Sale.

Social Service Text Books for 1928

With the month of December, 1927, the text book *Challenge of Childhood,* which has been used in the social service department for several years, will be completed. The new text book for this department for 1928-1929 will be *The Child: His Nature and His Needs.* This book will be handled by the office of the General Secretary. The price will be $1.25 postpaid.

Inasmuch as it was necessary for the publishers to print a new edition in order to supply the Relief Society at this time, this edition, at the request of the General Board, will be known as the "L. D. S. Relief Society Edition," and this inscription will be placed on the cover of the book.

It was decided at the general officers' meeting, at the October conference to authorize the secretary's office to send out the books immediately upon their arrival at Relief Society headquarters, in order to save time, and to send one book for each stake board, and one book for each ward.

The General Board is very anxious that this book shall be in the hands of every ward in time to prepare the January lesson. Our past experience has proved that much time has been lost by the wards in securing the text book, and in some instances the course has been half over before the wards thoroughly understood that the book was required. This decision by the general and stake officers will, we trust, greatly expedite matters and avoid delay in the class work.

Because of the nature of the book, and its value to the mothers, and because of the reasonable price, it is anticipated that many of the individual members will desire to secure this book personally. In order to accommodate them, individual orders may be sent to the Relief Society office by anyone who desires the book, and these orders will receive careful attention. It would be very helpful if such orders could be sent in at once. Although many stakes gave their orders during conference, we are asking you to re-order on blanks which will be sent for the purpose.

Guide Lessons for February

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in February)

THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES

The Opening Event

This event has been the object of the scoffer's sneer and the cynic's pen, the subject of the painter's skill, and the theme of the poet's song. Prophets foretold it and philosophers are puzzling over its causes and effects.

One mortal witnessed it and his truth-marked testimony contains a description of it incomparably better than any or all others.

Children have heard the story, and no doubt thought they knew it well. Youths have read it and concluded that their cup of knowledge concerning it was full. Adults have told and retold it and some have studied it.

The simple statement of the seer is the chief source of information, and so is indispensable to the completeness of any lesson on this epoch-making event.

The prophet writes: "After I had retired to the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me, and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so, when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcome me, and had such an astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction. But, exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink into despair and abandon myself to destruction—not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such marvelous power as I had never before felt in any being—just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me.

"It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. One of them spake

unto me, calling me by name, and said, pointing to the other, "This is my beloved Son, hear him!'

"My object in going to inquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner, therefore, did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the personage who stood above me in the light which of all the sects was right—and which I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong; and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt; that they draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof.

"He again forbade me to join with any of them; and many other things did he say unto me, which I cannot write at this time. When I came to myself again, I found myself lying on my back, looking up into heaven." (Pearl of Great Price, p. 84, paragraphs 15-20.)

The place:

A grove—one of "God's first temples," the pillars which were towering trees and the decorations sweet scented shrubbery—a hallowed spot, an out-of-door sanctuary where man met his Maker and his Redeemer or from which he saw them both and heard the voice of each, selected by a boy for a secret prayer and chosen by Divinities as a central point of interest and action that should shape the destiny of the human race from that time onward, and contribute to the happiness of the hosts of heaven forever.

The Persons:

Joseph: The seer of promise, ordained in the spirit world; prophetically named more than thirty three centuries before his mortal birth; the child of divinely chosen parentage; the boy who had felt the pinch of poverty, the distress of bodily pain, and the bitter anguish of bereavement; the youthful lover of learning, seeking knowledge by *"study and by faith"*; an ideal all unconscious of his ideality. His purpose at the place was to find the truth. He was there with a heart-hold on the "iron rod" the word of God written by the Apostle James. He says, "So in accordance with this, my determination, I retired to the woods." Determination is the link between desire and action; it is the heart-hold.

The Evil One: He who coveted the throne of God; the one who in heaven fought against free agency and was cast out as an "accuser of the brethren"; the ill adviser in the garden of Eden; the instigator of the first atheism, the prompter of the

first crime: the inspirer of the murderous Herod who sought to stay a dispensation by slaying the Christ child; the audacious tempter to the Prince of Peace, the betrayer of the Lord. This "evil one" was there at the grove. His purpose was to cut off communication between man and God and thus, perchance, delay the event which would illuminate his iniquity—"Reveal the Man of Sin." His stay upon the scene was short. He fled, as he always will, before "the light."

The Father: The first of the Trinity; the president of the Godhead; the parent of our spirits; the being who on earth begat the "Babe of Bethlehem," the one whose will Jesus came to do, the one of whose business the boy Christ spoke; the one whose voice was heard when John baptized the "Lamb of God;" the one with whom the Savior pleaded in the Garden of Gethsemane; the one to whom the matchless martyr on the cross committed his spirit; that Father to whom the resurrected Redeemer ascended before permitting himself to be touched by any mortal; the Father to whom we pray. He was on the scene to prove once again the individual personality of himself and to introduce his son.

The Son: The First Born of the spirit family of the Father; he the author of the plan for man's eternal life and exaltation; he the evident ideal of Isaac who was willingly bound upon the altar; he the "Son of Man" through his mother, and the Son of God through his Father; he who among men taught the ways of God and walked perfectly in his paths; he who while his body lay lifeless in the tomb unlocked the prison doors of the spirit world and took the gospel of deliverance to the captives there. He, the conqueror of death, "the first fruits of the resurrection;" he whose atonement was and is and ever will be proving the love of God for man and winning man's love for God. He in whose name we pray. He was a participant in this event to be seen with his Father, to be introduced by him and to become the chief source of all knowledge for the youth who there became a seer.

The proceedings:

When the movies of heaven face our planet and the broadcasting waves from above are set in harmony with a receiver on earth, the heavens open, distance is of no consideration for sight or sound; things are as real afar off as near by; voices are as distinct from another sphere as from a close-by rostrum.

The Father's Introduction: Was there ever such a one before? A brief compound sentence, carrying a salutation, a revelation, and a commandment.

Joseph's Questions: It is of record in substance only. It was a double question containing first the inquiry as to which of the sects was right; and, second, which one should he join? In the light of the humility of the questioner and the majesty

of the one of whom it was asked, the absence of a reverential saluation seems improbable at least.

The Son's Answer: The last part of the question was answered first. It was the big part of the inquiry, and it contanied the instruction to join none of the existing sects, and then the reasons were given. First, that they were all wrong. Whatever good there may have been in any one of them was not sufficient to make the sect acceptable to Christ. Second, the creeds were an abomination in his sight; and why not, when they provided for non-progression and the worship of a nonentity? He denounced an insincere ministry as corrupt, and then quoted the words of Paul in explanation of who the "professors" were. His denunciation of pretenders was no more aimed at the honest-hearted than was his denunciation of the hypocritical Pharisees aimed at the good Samaritan. *The form of godliness* spoken of in the answer refers to a pretense of power and falsely founded claim to divine authority. *"They deny the power thereof."* This is a declaration of the fact that by declaring the "cannon of scripture to be full," and "miracles to be things of the past," God was denied the power to communicate with or work for man.

The answer in part was repeated. The greatest dispensator further instructed the latest dispensator, and the opening event of the dispensation of times became a part of history in heaven and on earth. It was no product of mind workings alone, no fabric of the imagination. It was reality in the production of which the glory of God and the mentality of man participated. It was the birth of a new kingdom, one divinely destined to occupy the whole earth and endure forever. It was an occasion for the universe to sing the then unwritten song:

"The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled;
The dawning of a brighter day,
Majestic rises on the world."

Note. The first verse of the first hymn in our hymn book is said to be a matchless bit of Latter-day Saint descriptive literature.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Locate and describe the Sacred Grove.
2. Why may the sacred grove fittingly be called the birth place of modern seership?
3. What special interest had the "Evil One" in the opening event of this dispensation?
4. What reason have we for believing that one of the

specific purposes of the Father's presence in the opening event was once again to prove his individual personality?

5. Show that the Father's introduction of Joseph to the Son contained a salutation, a revelation, and a command.

6. In his answer to Joseph's question, how did the Son show his appreciation of the scriptures?

7. Why were the creeds an abomination to the Son of God?

8. Describe why the ministers were included in the term "Professors" in the answer to Joseph's question.

9. Why, in your opinion, did the Lord answer the second question of Joseph first?

10. How was the power of God denied by the creeds and clergy of the time?

11. Correlate Daniel 2:44 with the lesson statement that the event was the birth of a kingdom, etc.

Work and Business

LESSON II

WORK AND BUSINESS

(Second Week in February)

TEACHERS' TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY—HOME

I. Relationship of Parents and Children.

"The technique of home control rests upon individual responsibility—the attitude of parents to children and children to parents."

II. Home—"The Laboratory of Character."

a. Parents Responsibility. To teach by precept and example ethical and religious ideals. Doc. and Cov. Sec. 68.

b. Proper attitude of children to parents and to each other. "Obedience to law and authority is the corner stone in the edifice of order."

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in February)

CARL SANDBURG

When Counselor Jennie B. Knight visits the East she sometimes stops at a city called Galesburg, in Illinois, to visit her cousin. It was in this city, January 6, 1878, that Carl Sandburg was born. There was nothing regular about his attendance at school as a boy. At thirteen years of age he was at work on a milk wagon. Louis Untermeyer has told his story for the next six years in the following language: "During the next six years he was in rapid succession porter in a barber shop, scene shifter in a cheap theatre, truck handler in a brick yard, turner apprentice in a pottery, dish washer in Denver and Omaha hotels, harvest hand in Kansas wheatfields." Such a breadth of experience was fitting him for the very type of poetry to which he afterwards turned.

During the Spanish American War, in 1898, Sandburg was a member of Company C, Sixth Illinois Volunteers. After his return from Porto Rico he entered the college of his native town and for the first time began to give attention to writing. While in college he was Editor-in-chief of the college paper. To this activity he added any work that came to hand in order to remain in school. He was advertising manager for a department store and on the staff of a business magazine. He became a safety first expert, his articles on accident prevention attracting enough attention to bring forth an invitation for him to speak before the manufacturers convention where he talked about machinery safeguards and methods that might be employed to guard against accident in industry.

His first publication was a volume of twenty-two poems appearing in 1904. *Chicago Poems* were published in 1916; *Cornhuskers,* in 1918; *Smoke and Steel,* in 1920; *Slaves of the Sunburnt West,* in 1923.

Sandberg has been on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News* since 1919. He lives at Elmhurst, Illinois, close to Chicago, yet far enough away to enjoy nature in her verdant garb, and the tinkling of waterfalls.

It was our pleasure to hear Carl Sandburg read a number of his poems in the summer of 1922. He has an athletic appearance, consequently it is not surprising to learn that he was a member of the baseball team in his college days at Galesburg. When reading he emphasized the rhythm of many of his lines by accompanying them with the trum-trum of a string instrument. At times it was the banjo and at other times the guitar.

Many people have admired Carl Sandburg's vigor. If you chance to have a copy of Untermeyer's *Modern American Poetry*

you might read to the class his poem "Chicago." In this poem he refers to Chicago as the "Hog Butcher" for the world. Later on he says, "they tell me you are wicked and I believe them, and they tell me you are crooked and I answer, yes, it is true. I have seen the gunmen kill and go free to kill again." This poem has increasing significance from the fact that in October one of the magazines published an article entitled "Hands Up, Chicago!" in which the statement is made that during the past six years practically 1,800 murders have been committed in Cook county, the county in which Chicago is situated, and that 42 policemen have lost their lives. This is mainly the work of the gunmen that Sandburg is talking about. Some people do not call this type of verse poetry; they say that such observations are purely intellectual and wholly lacking the emotional quality. Other people feel that when a writer has the power to condense so much in so few words that he does present to us a picture that makes strong appeal, and that such appeal is a poem.

Another poem similar to "Chicago" is a poem called "Joliet" that suggests the city in Illinois where the state penitentiary is located. This is realistic like the first:

JOLIET

On the one hand the steel works.
On the other hand the penitentiary.
Sante Fe trains and Alton trains
Between smokestacks on the west,
And gray walls on the east,
And Lockport down the river.

Part of the valley is God's,
And part is man's.
The river course laid out
A thousand years ago,
The canals ten years back.

The sun on two canals and one river
Makes three stripes of silver
Or copper and gold
Or shattered sunflower leaves.
Talons of an iceberg
Scraped out this valley.
Claws of an avalanche loosed here.

We have already noted a number of our modern American poets who have written of Abraham Lincoln. The poem "Knucks" is full of a delicate irony relating to the morality of that city:

KNUCKS

In Abraham Lincoln's city,
Where they remember his lawyer's shingle,
The place where they brough him

Wrapped in battle flags,
Wrapped in the smoke of memories
From Tallahassee to the Yukon,
The place where they brought him
Points white against the blue prairie dome,
In Abraham Lincoln's city * * * I saw knucks
In the window of Mister Fischman's second-hand store
On Second Street.

I went in and asked, "How much?"
"Thirty cents apiece," answered Mister Fischman.
And taking a box of new ones off a shelf
He filled anew the box in the showcase
And said, incidentally, most casually
And incidentally:
"I sell a carload a month of these."

I slipped my fingers into a set of knucks,
Cast-iron knucks molded in a foundry pattern,
And there came to me a set of thoughts like these:
Mister Fischman is for Abe and the "malice to none" stuff,
And the street car strikers and the strike-breakers,
And the sluggers, gunmen, detectives, policemen,
Judges, utility heads, newspapers, priests, lawyers,
They are all for Abe and the "malice to none" stuff.

I started for the door.
"Maybe you want a lighter pair,"
Came Mister Fischman's voice.
I opened the door * * * and the voice again:
"You are a funny customer."
Wrapped in battle flags,
Wrapped in the smoke of memories,
This is the place they brought him,
This is Abraham Lincoln's home town.

One of the tender poems dedicated to men who have made the supreme sacrifice in war is Sandburg's "Grass":

GRASS

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work—
I am the grass; I cover all.
And pile them high at Gettysburg,
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor;
What place is this?
Where are we now?
I am the grass.
Let me work.

If there seems to be something of crass realism in such poems as "Chicago" and "Joliet" there is certainly a delicacy of feeling in "Grass" that must appeal to persons of the most refined sensibilities.

"Drumnotes" takes us back to Europe during the great World War. It pictures first Jaures, who was killed in a restaurant in the Montmartre district, just before the war, a man who was regarded, perhaps, as the chief orator among the French. Ten years after his death he was brought from his native province. His casket lay in state for twenty-four hours in the Chamber of Deputies, and the next day, accompanied by a very unusual procession, was taken to the Pantheon there to lie with Victor Hugo in that place where only the greatest of Frenchmen are buried. Then he speaks of Kitchener of Khartoum who most likely was lost on the high seas during those troublesome and tragic days on water. Then he returns to Franz Josef, the veteran ruler of the Austrian Empire, who lies, he says, "in a tomb with the Hapsburg fathers, moths eating the green uniform to tatters, the worms taking all and leaving only the bones, gold buttons and iron crosses."

Yet Carl Sandburg writes other poems that are not so heavy and sombre as "Drumnotes." A "Crimson Rambler" is a good example of this type:

CRIMSON RAMBLER

Now that a crimson rambler
begins to crawl over the house
of our two lives—

Now that a red curve
winds across the shingles—

Now that hands
washed in early sunrises
climb and spill scarlet
on a white lattice weave—

Now that loop of blood
is written on our roof
and reaching around a chimney—

How are the two lives of this house
to keep strong hands and strong hearts?

Carl Sandburg seems to be very fond of roses of all varieties. In his poem "Three Violins" he appeals not only to the sense of sight, but to the sense of sound, by suggesting the beautiful melody of MacDowell's "To a Wid Rose":

THREE VIOLINS

Three violins are trying their hearts.
The piece is MacDowell's Wild Rose.

And the time of the wild rose
And the leaves of the wild rose
And the dew-shot eyes of the wild rose
Sing in the air over three violins.
Somebody like you was in the heart of MacDowell.
Somebody like you is in three violins.

And so Carl Sandburg continues: At one time it is the picture of the rush and roar and crime of a modern city that he gives us, at another time he tells us how gently the grass seeks to obliterate the places where many men have been buried because of the ravages of war. In yet another poem he says, how dare you people in the city of Springfield, Illinois, where the great champion of "malice toward none" lies buried, boast of selling knucks, or of strikes and slaves and gunmen.

Questions and Problems

1. Why does Carl Sandburg call Chicago the "Hog Butcher" for the world?
2. Why does he say in his description of Joliet that part of the valley is God's and part of the valley is man's?
3. Compare this poem on Abraham Lincoln with poems found in editorial columns of February, 1927, and tell in what respect it is very different from the other poems.
4. What is the significance of the lines "wrapped in the smoke of memories from Tallahassee to the Yukon?"
5. Franz Josef's life was a life of very many tragedies and disappointments. Have someone tell in brief the outstanding events of his life. This material may be found in an up-to-date encyclopedia or in the world's history.
6. Have somebody play the music of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" and then read the poem.
7. Discuss this proposition: There is need in our modern life for a poet who can give us a realistic presentation of the life of our own time.

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in February)

THE CHILD-STUDY COURSE

Lesson II

THE CHILD'S INSTINCTS AND IMPULSES

Based on Chapter 2 of *The Child: His Nature and His Needs*

In Lesson 1 we discussed the ways in which science is bridging the gap between what we know about child training and what we actually put into practice. The reader will recall that we

considered three main points (1) experiments in applying the principles of individual development to school promotion; (2) scientific work in laboratory schools and (3) physical development and school progress.

The main point in the last lesson to keep in mind is that since far-reaching changes in education are now taking place, we must make sure that we—parents and teachers alike—keep pace with this advance.

In this lesson (Lesson 2) we are going to consider certain important behavior-tendencies in childhood: instincts and impulses which call for careful handling, if wholesome personalities are to be the result.

(The author of chapters 2 and 3 in *The Child: His Nature and His Needs* is Dr. Mary T. Whitley, assistant professor of education at Columbia University, an authority on the subject.)

A. How Instincts and Impulses are Controlled (Pages 31-35)

One big difference between man and the animals is the length of the period of dependency. The young animal is comparatively well developed at birth and soon matures, but the young child is very fragile when born and matures slowly. About one-fourth of the average human being's life is a period of physical and mental immaturity.

This means that the infant is not an adult in miniature, but rather a bundle of impulses and instincts,—the raw materials out of which complicated behavior patterns and the adult personality are later built.

The chief point to remember with regard to instincts and impulses is that they cannot be suppressed; they can, however, be directed and socialized. The wise guidance of the child's original tendencies is the chief task of the parent and teacher. The principles by which these instincts and impulses can be wisely directed, are summarized in chapter 2 of the text.

Questions

1. What are the rules for effectively strengthening the right impulses in childhood? Give several examples illustrating these principles.

2. What is meant by substitution and sublimation as ways of re-directing original tendencies? Give several examples of each.

B. Anger and Its Control (Pages 35-37)

Anger is one of the instinctive emotions. It has played a tremendous part in human survival and the evolution of man. Just how necessary it is to life under civilized conditions is a matter of conjecture. The fact remains, however, that anger is

one of the behavior patterns and tendencies with which all persons are equipped at birth. The tendency to anger cannot be eliminated. It must be wisely directed.

Crying is a common form of anger reaction. The child relies upon it to secure many needed satisfactions. The fact that as children grow older they cry less is proof of the statement attributed to one psychologist, that crying is an "expression of baffled helplessness." Many older children, even many adults, still cry when angry or when facing a crisis. This constitutes something of a handicap and implies that the person's emancipation from childhood has not been effective or complete.

Questions

1. What general principle underlies the effective control of anger? What are some of the practical aids in this control?

2. Can you cite examples of children known to you who become angry upon the slightest provocation? What effect does this have upon a child's personality? On the other hand, do you know children who never get angry? Is this danger equally serious? Why?

C. The Sexual Life of the Child (Pages 37-42)

A faulty sex adjustment is responsible for more warped and twisted personalities than possibly any other single cause. And one of the main reasons for this condition is the wholly inadequate sex guidance which most children get in their formative years.

Infancy and childhood are the golden periods for the effective guidance of the sex impulses, and the responsibility for it rests squarely upon the parent. The normal child becomes sex-conscious at about the age of two years, and all of his future sex attitudes hinge upon the form of control employed at this critical period.

Two extremes are to be avoided in the sex education of children: the danger of silence and taboo, on the one hand and the too frequent and morbid discussion of the subject, on the other. A middle-of-the-road position and an attitude of frankness are the best policies to pursue.

(This topic will be discussed again in chapter 15, along with the problems of adolescence. It is suggested, also, that the clumsy terms, detumescence and contrectation, which appear on pages 37 to 39, be disregarded as unimportant and confusing.)

Questions

1. What is meant by the author's statement that bedroom and bathroom manners need as much attention as do table and parlor manners?

2. Looking back on your own sex life, what do you think

are (a) the essential things to teach children about sex, and (b) the best times to bring these matters to their attention?

3. How may the sex impulses of children be sublimated? Cite examples, from your own observations, of children whose sex energies are (or are not) successfully socialized.

D. Fear and Its Guidance
(Pages 42-45)

Someone has called fear and worry, the "twin demons," because of their disorganizing effect upon personality. One of the commonest conditions which modern psychiatry is called upon to cope with is fear in its various forms. The significant thing is that most of the fears and horrors of the neurotic adult can usually be traced to the experiences of early childhood.

Most fears are learned. Only two of them, as Watson points out, are original,—fear of a sudden, loud noise, and fear of falling. That is to say, most fears are contagious: children become afraid of the dark, of thunder and lightning, etc., largely because they observe these fear reactions in the elders. Bertrand Rússell puts the matter thus:

> "Rational apprehension of dangers is necessary; fear is not. A child cannot apprehend dangers without some element of fear, but this element is very much diminished when it is not present in the instructor. A grown-up person in charge of a child should never feel fear. That is one reason why courage should be cultivated in women just as much as in men."

This same writer,—in his stimulating book, *Education and the Good Life*, (Boni & Liveright, New York, 1927), makes the suggestion that:

> "Whatever either terrifies or interests the child should be explained if it is at all possible; this transforms fear into scientific interest by a process which is entirely along the lines of instinct and repeats the history of the race."

Questions

1. What is the value of fear? Since fear, like the other instinctive emotions cannot be suppressed, what are the effective ways of coping with it?

2. Of what objects or situations, if any, should children be afraid?

3. Take pencil and paper and make a list of the fears which you have observed in children and adults of your acquaintance. Consider now each one of these fears separately in the light of the question: What kind of parental guidance might have prevented these fears from developing?

The Main Point in Lesson 2: Human instincts and impulses, such as anger, love, fear, collecting, etc., cannot be suppressed: they must be allowed expression. Their expression must be guided, however, and not left to chance. The proper guidance of these tendencies in children is the chief responsibility of parents.

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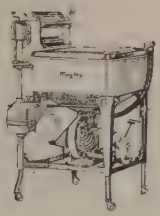

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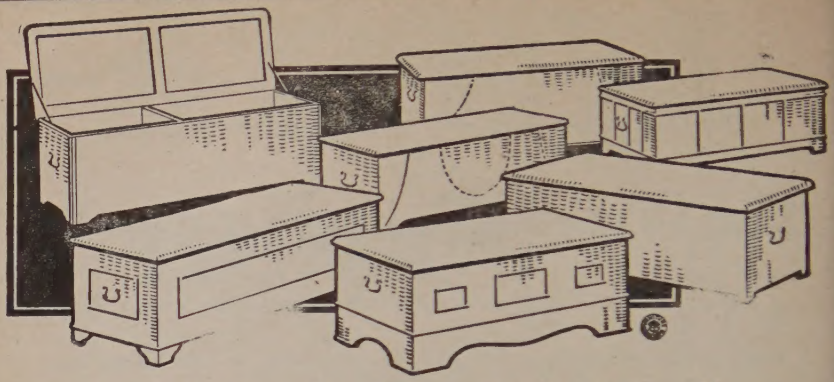

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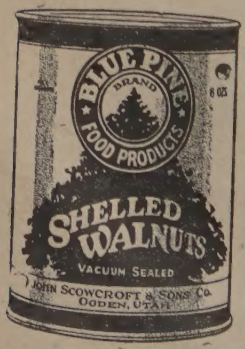

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